allow the rays of the sun to enter freely and dispel the gloom
which enshrouds us?
There is nothing more certain in the whole biography
of man and history of the world than this fact of prayer and
the answer that supervenes to it. In trial, in temptation,
in weakness, in pain, in sorrow—in all those great testing
times which try a man what stuff he has in him—there is
renewal, strengthening, uplifting to be won by simply putting
forth the soul to God that he may touch and heal it. It is
true that His counsels are wiser than man's and that He will
himself do for us better than we can ask or think. But
for all that, He has created and ordained it one of the laws
of the spiritual universe, that when we reach out our hands
and lift up our voice to Him consciously and from our hearts
seeking to come into touch with Him, then new floods of His
Holy Spirit flow over us from Him with their wonderfully
calming, illumining, and uplifting power.

In the religious life of man prayer is a nurse in infancy,
a comrade in manhood, a consoler in sorrow, a healer in
ailment, a companion in adversity.' Given up by helpless
physicians and wept over by sorrowing relations, we find

in prayer the only true friend that stands by and imparts
hope and courage. Prayer is the lovely angel that fetches
the 'flowers of peace and spreads them on the death-bed.
It is -prayer that inspires the trust and faith to depart swan-
like and sweet. It is prayer that ferries the soul across the
unknown main and lands it in the haven of the great Beyond ;
and it is the prayer that ushers the suppliant spirit into the
august presence of Him who is immortality itself.

True prayer betokens unreserved submission to and un-
faltering dependence on God and unswerving and unwavering
trustful toil wherein the humble sower sows and the Sovereign
Reaper reaps. This may be illustrated by a short story.
It is said there lived two hermits, secluded in their small
single cell; and they both felt that to feed their little lamps